

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE, EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY MORNING.

NUMBER 18.

WASHINGTON, D. C. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1845.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,
Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet.
It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at two cents per number, payable weekly.

To distant subscribers it will be mailed at Two Dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square of 14 lines, one insertion, 37
two insertions 60
three 75
two weeks 1 25
one month 1 50
two months 2 50
three 3 00
six months 5 00
twelve 7 50
Professional cards of five lines, or under, 3 00 per year.

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.
Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fisk, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men. Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouse—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

RECLAIMED AT LAST.

The touching story below, is well fitted to arouse and sustain a universal enthusiasm in the Temperance reform:

We had frequently observed a heartbroken boy pass by with a gallon oil-can in his hand. His tattered garments and melancholy face were well calculated to excite observation and pity. It was but too evident that the vessel which he carried had been diverted from its legitimate use, and that it was now used, not as an oil-can, but as a whiskey-jug. Having seen him pass twice in one day with his ever present can, we had the curiosity to accost him, and did so, by inquiring his residence.

"I live," said he, "five miles from the city, on the road."

"You have been to the city once before to-day, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, I came down in the morning; but I couldn't get what I was sent for, and I had to come back again."

"What were you sent for, my lad? It must be something very important to make it necessary for you to walk twenty miles in this storm."

"Why, Sir, it was whiskey that I was sent for. Father had no money, and he sent me to Mr.—'s to get trusted; but he wouldn't trust any more, so I had to go home without the whiskey; but father sent me back again."

"How do you expect to get it now, when you couldn't get it in the morning?"

"Why, Sir, I have brought a pair of shoes, which sister sent mother. Mr.—will give whiskey for them. He has got two or three pairs of mother's shoes now."

"Do you like to carry whiskey home, my boy?"

"Oh, no, Sir, for it makes us all so unhappy; but I can't help it."

We took the responsibility of advising the boy not to fulfil his errand, and returned home with him. The family, we found, consisted of husband, wife, and four children; the eldest (the boy) was not more than ten years of age, while the youngest was an infant of a few months. It was a cold, blustering day. The north wind blew harshly, and came roughly, and unbidden, through the numberless crevices of the poor man's hovel. A few black embers occupied the fire-place, around which were huddled the half-naked children, and the woe-stricken mother and wife. Her face was haggard—her eyes were sunken—her hair dishevelled—her clothes tattered, and very unclean.

She was sitting upon an old broken chair, and was mechanically swinging to and fro, as if endeavoring to quiet her infant, which moaned pitifully in its mother's arms. It had been sick from its birth, and it was now seemingly struggling to free itself from the harsh world into which it had but a few months previous been ushered. There was no tear in the eye of the mother as she gazed on the expiring babe. The fountain had been, long before, dried up by the internal fires which alcohol had kindled and fed. Yet she was the picture of despair; and we could not but fancy, as she sat thus, that her mind was wandering back to the happy past—the days of her infancy and girlhood, and her early home. Poor thing! She had given her affections and her hand to a man who had taken the first step in intemperance. She had left home full of buoyant hopes—hopes never to be realized—to spend a life of misery with a sot. Broken-hearted, cast out from the society of her former friends—frowned upon by the "good society"—humane—spoken of as the miserable wife of a drunkard—with no hand to help, no heart to pity, she very soon became a tippler and a drunkard herself.

By the side of this wo-smitten mother was kneeling a little girl of five or six years, down whose sorrowful cheeks tears were coursing, and who, ever and anon, exclaimed, "Poor little Willie, must you die? Oh, mother, must Willie die?" And then kissing the clammy sweat from little Willie's brow, covered her face with her apron and wept.

In the opposite corner of the chimney, and among the ashes which covered the

hearth, sat a boy of about seven years, dragging from the half-dead embers a potatoe, which he broke open, with the remark, "Mother, give this to little Willie. Maybe he's hungry. I'm hungry, too, and so is sister, but Willie's sick. Give him this potatoe, Mother."

"No, poor boy!" said the mother.—"Willie will never be hungry again. He will soon be dead."

This remark drew all the children around the mother and the dying child.—The father was sitting upon what was intended for a bedstead, without hat, shoes, or coat, with his hands thrust into his pockets, apparently indifferent to all that was passing around him. His head was resting upon his breast, and his blurred eyes were fastened upon the floor, as if he was afraid to look up to the sorrowing group who were watching the countenance of the dying infant.

There was a moment of silence. Not a sound was heard. Even the sobs of the little girl had ceased. Death was crossing the hovel's threshold. The very respiration of the household seemed suspended; when a slight shivering of the limbs of the infant, and a shriek from the half-conscious mother, told that the vital spark had fled.

For the first time the father moved.—Slowly advancing to where his wife was sitting, with quivering lips he whispered—"Is Willie dead?"

"Yes, James, the poor babe is dead!" was the choking reply of the mother, who still sat as at first, gazing upon the face of her little one.

Without uttering another word, the long brutalized father left the house, muttering as he left, "My God, how long?"

At this moment a kind-hearted lady came in, who had heard, but a few moments, before of the dangerous illness of the child. She had brought with her some medicine; but her visit was too late. The gentle spirit of the babe had fled, and there remained for her but to comfort the living. This she did, while we followed the father. We related to him the circumstances which had led us to his house, and briefly spoke of the misery which inevitably follows in the wake of intemperance.

"I know it, sir," said he, "I have long known it. I have not always been what you now see me. Alcohol and my appetite have brought me to this depth of degradation."

"Why not master that appetite? You have the power. Thousands have proved it."

"Sir, I believe it. I have seen others as far reduced as myself, restored and made happy; but you are the first who has ever spoken to me on the subject, and I had too strong a passion for liquor to think of a reformation myself."

"Well, will you now make an effort?" "I will. It has occupied my thoughts during the whole morning; and now in the presence of Almighty God, I covenant never again to touch the accursed thing which has ruined me, and made beggars of my family."

Happy enough to hear his manly resolution, we returned to the house with him—in due time we made the fact known to his wife—and producing a pledge, the whole family signed it upon the table which held the body of their dead brother.

Two years had passed, when the incident was recalled to our mind by a shake of the hand by a gentleman who was returning west with a stock of dry goods, which he had just purchased in New York. It was the man who signed the temperance pledge by the body of his dead child.

SCRAPS ON EDUCATION.

Gold is more frequently found in grains than lumps, and it is not the less valuable on that account. So with knowledge. Fragments, when united, make up the intellectual storehouse. John Adams said, in an epistle to his wife—"The education of our children is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue. Habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Make them consider every vice shameful and unmanly. Fire them with an ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be desecrated of any useful or ornamental knowledge." What says Horace Mann:—"Every friend of education, who insists upon qualifications superior to the present is bound to do his part towards furnishing facilities and encouragements by which they can be acquired. We cannot consequently denounce a state of things which we do nothing to improve." Martin Luther has said of education:—"In every age even among the heathen, the necessity has been felt of having good schoolmasters, in order to make any thing respectable of a nation. But surely we are not to sit still and wait until they grow up of themselves. We can neither chop them out of wood, nor hew them out of stone. God will work no miracles to furnish that which we have means to provide. We must, therefore, apply our care and money to train up and make them."

TURN THE GRINDSTONE.

We never see a stout, able-bodied fellow going about, and soliciting aid from the charity inclined, with the pretence of having met with some terrible misfortune by fire, earthquake, or shipwreck abroad, than we involuntarily long to see him compelled to labor for a living like an honest man, and not seek to impose upon a kind-hearted and credulous community. But these men will not work, so long as work is not neces-

sary for subsistence. Offer them employment, and they will vanish forthwith, like a ghost at the crowing of the cock. And this reminds us of a story which we have somewhere seen, the scene of which is laid in a country town.

A stout, rugged, hearty fellow, one morning accosted the keeper of the Poor House, demanding food and labor, and declaring that he could not find any work, although he was willing to do any thing, whatever.

"You shall not starve," said the superintendent, "provided you are willing to work."

He gave him some breakfast, and set him to turning a large grindstone; without any person holding any thing upon it to grind, and agreed to give him half a dollar a day as wages. The fellow took hold, and for a few minutes labored with great alacrity, but soon his business began to lag. The paupers, old and young, women and children, came out to stare at him.

"What a fool am I," said he, "to be turning the grindstone here with nothing to grind." And dropping the crank he bounded off like a grey-hound, and never returned for charity or wages!

Laziness often makes paupers, and we wish that the laws would compel the lazy vagabonds, who are now travelling through the country levying contributions upon the public, to turn the grindstone.

WHO SHOULD BOW FIRST?

For the benefit of the fashionable followers of Count D'Orsay in these parts, we copy the annexed maxims, said to have been extracted from his Book on Etiquette:

"It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady on the street, until you perceive she has noticed you by an inclination of the head."

"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is her part to notice you first, unless, indeed you are very intimate. The reason is, if you bow to the lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy, but if she bow to you, as a gentleman you cannot cut her."

"On the Continent, the fashion in this instance, as many others is exactly the reverse. No lady, however intimate you may be with her, will acknowledge your acquaintance on the street, unless you are the first to honor her with the bow of recognition. It must be obvious, however, to all thinking persons, that our own custom is most in accordance with good taste."

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IN A HURRY.

"Tom, a word with you."

"Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse tother day?"

"A pint of turpentine."

John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who, strange to say, drops off dead in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day.

"Well, Tom."

"Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Caesar."

"So it did mine."

THE END.

The end—the end—always have the end in view. If you take a cigar, drink a glass of spirits, violate the creed of virtue, speak an untruth, or lift a copper from your master's drawer, think of the consequences—the end of your course. Will it be pleasant to reflect upon at night? Will it add to your respectability and reputation? If the young men would always have the end in view, the number of transgressors would be small indeed.

CHEAP LIVING.

An English publication gives the following as the expenditure of the Lord Steward, or head cook of Queen Victoria's Royal household for one year. It is worth looking at:—

Bread,	\$10,000
Butter, Bacon, Cheese and Eggs,	25,000
Milk and Cream,	7,000
Butcher's Meat,	47,000
Poultry,	18,000
Fish,	10,000
Groceries,	23,000
Oil,	8,500
Fruit and Confectionary,	8,500
Vegetables,	2,400
Wine,	24,000
Liquors &c.,	9,000
Ale and Beer,	14,000
Wax Candles,	9,400
Tallow Candles,	3,300
Lamps,	23,350
Fuel,	34,100
Stationary,	4,100
Turnery,	1,700
Braziers,	4,400
China, Glass, &c.,	6,550
Linen,	4,450
Washing table Linen,	15,500
Plate,	1,750
	\$316,000

SPOKEN AGAINST.

What if people do speak against you. Let them feel that you are able to bear it. What is there gained by stopping to correct every word that is whispered to your discredit? Lies will die if let alone; but if you repeat them to this one and another, because your enemies had the impudence to make them, you but keep the fire burning and open the way for a dozen slanders. Keep on your course and go straightforward and trouble not your head about what is repeated, and feel all the better and wear a less frightful face. Slander never killed a sterling character and it never will. Her coat will not sit upon him, without a pull here, a jerk there, and a twist below, and while this work is going on, the false words are forgotten by the multitude. Let us—you and I reader—repeat what another has said in rhyme, and if we have been talked about or slandered, it will do us as much as a fry at Diamond Cove:

"Not all they say or do can make
My head or tooth, or finger ache,
Nor mar my shape, nor scar my face,
Nor put one feature out of place;
Nor will ten thousand lies,

Make me less virtuous, learned or wise;
The most effectual way to haulk,
Their malice is, to let them talk.

A NEW STATE.—The Brooklyn Eagle contains the call for a meeting of the people of Long Island, to take into consideration the expediency of making a State of Long Island.

The late Judge Story was not an early riser, remarking that it was better for one to be wide awake when he did rise than merely to rise early.

WAY-BILL TO OREGON.

An Oregon emigrant furnishes the following way-bill to Oregon:

	Miles.
From Independence, Mo., to Blue,	520
at Burnett's trace	
From Blue to Big Platte	25
Up Platte	25
Up the same	117
Across the North Fork of the same	31
Up North Fork to Cedar Grove	18
Up the same to Chimney	18
To Scott's Bluffs	20
To Fort Larima	38
From Fort Larima to the Big Springs at	
the foot of the Black Hills	8
To Keryen North Fork	30
To the crossing of the same	34
To Sweet Water	55
Up Sweet Water to the snow on the	
Rocky Mountains	60
To the main divide of the Rocky Moun-	
tains	40
To the waters running to the Pacific	
Ocean	2
To Little Sandy	14
To Big Sandy	14
To Green River	25
Down the same	12
To Black Fork of Green River	22
To Fort Bridger	35
To Knox River	35
Down the same to the hills that run to the	
same	57
Down the same to the great Sandusky	38
To Partinith, first waters of the Colum-	
bia	25
To Fort Hall, on Snake river	58
To Partinith again	11
To Cook Creek	87
To Solomon Falls	42
To the crossing of Snake river	27
To the Boiling Spring	19
Down the same to Fort Barse	40
To Burnt river	41
Up the same	26
Across to Powder to the Lamepens	18
To Grand Round	15
To Uilla river over Blue mount	43
To Dr. Whiteman's	29
To Walley-walley	25
From Walley-walley to Dallas	120
From Dallas to Vancouver	100
	2021

Whole distance from Independence, Mo., to Vancouver in Oregon is 2321 miles.

CUPPING AND LEECHING.

THE subscriber respectfully returns his thanks to the citizens of Washington and its vicinity for past favors in the above business, and solicits a continuance of the same.

I am prepared to meet the desires with the above business day or night, and it is my wish and intent to give satisfaction to every one that will favor me with a call. Mrs. Devaughan will attend to Ladies in the above business if desired.

My place of residence is on 9th st. West side, near the corner of E st.

JOHN DEVAUGHAN.

MRS. DEVAUGHAN, wishes to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Washington and vicinity, that she is prepared to bleach Ladies' Bonnets, and Gentlemen's Summer Hats in a style that will give satisfaction.

CATHARINE D. DEVAUGHAN.

Nov. 18—1m

EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufacturers, such as—

French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached
Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates
Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety)

In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments.

Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors

And, also, American Britannia Coffee and tea Sets, or pieces separate
Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers Table and tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Briggins, &c.

Solar, hard, or oil Lamps
Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of almost every size
Ivory-handled and other Knives and Forks, in complete sets or separate

Plated and brass Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays
Waiters, Looking-Glasses, Shovel and Tonga
Cut, pressed, and plain Tumblers, Wines
Champagnes, Finger Bowls, Wine Coolers, Claret

Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c.
A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest.

English Pipes in boxes
First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices.

As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Browns' Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue.

THOMAS PURSELL.

Nov. 18—2m

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT.

For rent, three newly finished houses, on D. between 9th and 10th streets, containing nine comfortable rooms in each, brick out-houses, &c. One of the houses I am now furnishing, and to a careful tenant would rent it low for the approaching season.

To any person wishing a very comfortable house and convenient location, this house is just such a one. For further particulars apply at

SELBY PARKER'S

Perfumery and Fancy Store, between 9th and 10th streets, Penn. Avenue.